

NORTHERN FOUNTAIN



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THANKS TO: Mae Fraley - music for None So Pretty
Oy Levine - Connecticut cigars

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT



It is a matter of great interest and pleasure as to note the amount of interest the dancers of today are showing in the contra dances of the Revolutionary Era. They are discovering that the country dances of that era fascinating and fun to dance. May their tribe increase!

Too long has square dancing been under the influence of two cults: "Neophilism" the cult of the new. If a dance or figure wasn't new then it wasn't worth bothering with; and "the cult of change" and, worse yet, it was change just for the reason of change! No good reason was ever offered. If the dance or figure had been danced five years it was considered "old hat" and therefore must be changed.

It's past time to do something about it. I am interested in the work of "Collier-Lab" and certainly wish the movement well. But - - there are too many fingers in the pie!

An easy solution is for the callers to stop using all of the latest figures as fast as they come out. But this may be too easy a solution.

Too many dancers are beginning to believe that the primary function of a square dance caller is to present an acceptable level of entertainment.

Sincerely

Ralph

CONTRA DANCE PARTY

CIRCA 1975

by ED MOODY



Reading that there would be a Contra Dance Party in Cambridge on a Sunday afternoon in the vestry of a Church there, many of us, from various parts of New England aimed our cars toward Harvard Square in order to be there when it started at 2:30 P.M. But Cambridge police, over the years, have made one-way streets in and out of that Square, so for about 15-minutes we geed and howed and wandered here and there, til at last we arrived at the Old Baptist Church on Massachusetts Avenue, a couple of blocks below the Harvard Campus - late, but still full of pepper.

Coat racks were a non-present commodity and about 15 uncomfortable chairs were spread here and there around the hall. We simply dropped our overcoats in a corner and stood along a wall to wait til the Contra they were engaged in was over so we could get ourselves in line for the next one. It seemed like Old Home Week, for well scattered through the people were old friends we hadn't seen for quite some years; hand shakes galowe.

The stringed orchestra seemed a tireless, albeit continually changing as folks played a dance or two and then gave up their seats to others who had brought a-

long their instruments and would play a bit while the ones who had resigned for a dance or two got into line for a Chain or a Swing Below or as a Cast-off. The only two permanent players were two fiddlers who led the band, and stayed in their chairs from start to finish. While calling one might suddenly hear a bass fiddle start up, or a horn begin to blow that hadn't been there when the tune first started. But the music was fine and right on the beat or tempo. Fiddles, cellos, bass viols, flutes and oboes - and even a harmonica and a jewsharp, plus a few horns provided enough musicians - all of fine quality - to keep things rolling on a continually changing set of players.

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Callers from all over New England were there and one stepped in to fill the rostrum as soon as another had finished. Vermont, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and of course many from Massachusetts, represented their states. Old Traditional Contras mixed in with some modern ones, and even here and there, some caller would quietly slip in a Contra of the Revolutionary Days that he had dug up somewhere and was testing it out with experienced dancers before using it for some exhibition during the Bi-centennial Days coming up. Actually about an even dozen callers did a tip or two before closing time came all too soon.

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So, now you have the hall, the orchestra, and the callers, plus a room full of fine traditional-style dancers from nearly eighty down to eighteen. So let us consider the timing. Truthfully, there wasn't any such thing as timing as far as the order of the dancers were concerned. Timing of the figures was perfect as presented by the orchestra, but timing of the continuity of movement sure didn't matter. For two and three-quarter hours nobody ever heard of such a thing as a rest period or an intermission. As soon as one caller finished, another stepped onto that rostrum to present a quick

walk-through, and off they went again. It could almost be termed continuous dancing minus any breathing spell. No wonder many of the younger musicians slid out to rest a moment or two, or even do a dance or two. As said before, only the master fiddler and one mere played the entire program. The balance of the orchestra kept changing, but were well held together by the fine rhythm of the Master Fiddler.

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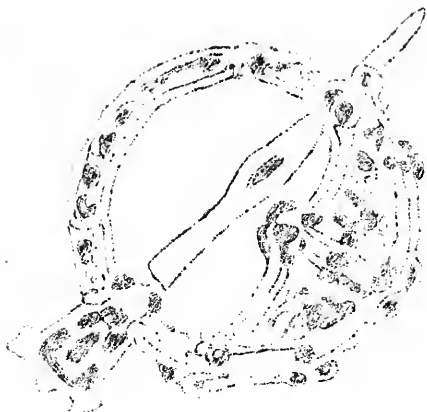
Parties like this one hold together the fine art of good dancing, and will so preserve it for those who will follow us on this earth of ours. It will never die and I can assure you that only death or old age creates drop-outs - most assuredly not from being discouraged after buying a couple of hundred dollars worth of gay clothing or from a plethora of complicated figures and close order drilling now passing under the guise of modern square dancing. Traditional dancing and dancers, such as came to this party, have been with us for near-17 200 years, and they will be with us and still dancing 200 years from now; we're too stubborn a people to do otherwise.

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CDS & NEFFA present the Woods Hole Folk Orchestra for a Contra Dance at the Cambridge, Mass. YWCA, August 6th. Located at 7 Temple St. One block north of Central Sq.

CDS of Boston announce their Cardigan Weekend at A.M.C. Ski Lodge, Alexandria, N.H. September 12-13-14, 1975. Square dancing & English Country Dancing, led by Louise Winston, Dick Delery & George Fogg.





THE PIPER DOLAN

by SUSAN NICASSIO

It is easy enough to lose your way on the winding backroads of the midlands, especially if you have set out to find the tiny village of Colehill on a wintry morning when a white, chill fog has settled over County Longford. When you think you have gone about the right distance, you can stop a man walking along the lane with his dogs and ask him where the Dolans live.

'The Dolans?' he replies, puzzled. 'Which Dolans?'

'The one who makes the Uilleann pipes.'

His face clears. 'Oh, The Piper Dolan!' When he says it, it is less a description of the man than a title. 'That's his house, the second along the road.'

The house is a neat grey-stone cottage with marigolds in the front garden and, behind a discreet bit of hedging, a cabbage patch and a hay rick.

The Piper has a thatch of sandy white hair and an

ageless, weathered face that splits easily into a smile. He comes from the outbuilding that serves him for a workshop and, with the courteous hospitality of a countryman, shows you into the kitchen where his 95-year-old father sits smoking his pipe by the turf-burning cooker. The Piper was christened James, but few people call him by that name. To most he is simply The Piper Dolan. He has been twenty years making pipes on the lathe that he inherited from his uncle, who left Longford to work on the trams in Dublin. He himself works on the bogs, cutting turf, although there is such a demand for pipes now that none of the few men who make them can keep up with it.

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'If I could make a set every day, there would be someone to take them. And the foreigners do be worse than the Irish People for buying them'.

He has just finished full sets for a German student, and for a Frenchman, and is now completing two practice sets - only the bag, bellows and chanter: 'for young lads,' he explains.

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The practice sets look like the young of the species beside his own well-aged full set, in the innocence of their bright-green velvet and newly turned wood. But, like children, the practice sets can grow to full sets by the addition of regulators and drones.

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An adult set of Uilleann pipes rather resembles a hand-raised badger crossed with a musical hedgehog - a prickly, testy creature that may agree to rest on your lap and, if you are skilful enough, co-operate with you, but still wild, still dangerous, and liable to bite.

The Piper seems to regard them with a mixture of respect and easy familiarity. 'Anyone who can play the tin whistle can learn to play the pipes - it was the tin whistle that kept Irish music alive, because it was cheap. That, and the bodhran.' (A kind of tambourine, he explains - which, to anyone who has heard the bodhran, is like describing a Siberian tiger as a kind of cat.)



'They kept the music in the people's minds, playing by the fireside when there weren't many pipes. But that's all changed now, and for the better. Twenty years ago when I started making them no one wanted to know the pipes, but now it's great. And the young people are the best.'



In the workshop which he shares with three bright, insolent bantams and a big black dog, his tools are sturdy and simple. There is the foot-powered lathe on which he bores and turns the chanters, drones and stalks, and the small anvil for hammering strips of brass into keys.



There are precious bits of wood, some that he has found himself on the bog, others that he bought or been given - crab and cherry, boxwood, African black wood, and bog oak, buried for ten thousand years and black, strong and heavy as iron.



There is brass for the hinges, and cured sheepskin to be cut double for the bellows because it is porous on its own.

'The reed, that's the whole of pipe making,' he

says, holding in a calloused hand half a dozen small pieces of cane bound with twine and tipped with a bit of copper. 'Without these, you've got nothing.'

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It is a slow and intricate craft. A month of work might go into making a full set, and there are few people now who know how to do it at all. Some seem to look on it as a secret, to be passed on only to initiates, but that attitude is alien to The Piper's nature.

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'I mean to take on a couple of young lads, to teach them. It would be a shame to see it dying out! Not everyone can learn, of course. There has to be music in him. But if there's music in the house, it will show. Music is like a bad disease, it could miss one and come out in another. You might have to beat learning into a child,' he laughs, leading the way back to the house, 'but you'd have to beat the music out.'

In the kitchen, his sister has cut thick slices of buttered cake and presses a cup of hot, strong tea into your hands, to take the chill off.

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The Piper agrees to play a tune, and there follows a complicated operation - the bellows are harnessed under his left arm, the bag rests across his lap, and a bewildering display of chanter and drones dangle off to the centre and the right. A leather strap is tied across his knee, to block the low D of the two octave range.

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'It's not every tune would go on the pipes, because of the range.' He works the bellows with rapid movements of his elbow and the sound begins, but it is not

quite to his liking.

'The weather affects them terribly,' he says, still adjusting the tone. (The uilleann pipes, unlike the more familiar Highland pipes, leave the mouth free.) 'It's the damp, you'd want to leave them always in the same place. But the older the pipes are, the better they are. You couldn't send out a set like that,' he nods towards a new set lying on the table. 'Making them is only the first part. Then you have to get the music into them.'

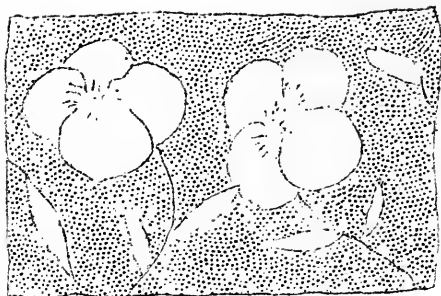
Finally satisfied with the tone, he begins. 'The King of the Pipers'. The vibrant, gay, melancholy sound of the reeds fills the small room. The Piper's foot strikes the floor in a slow, uncompromisingly regular rhythm, and the tune lilts and weaves through it and over it.

There is nothing raucous in the sound of these pipes, nothing harsh. They are an intimate, solo instrument, their strong, ancient sound shaped the old tunes. You realize again why pipers so rarely talk about their art: this instrument goes far deeper than words, and only the music can speak for itself. The tune ends, the last low drone fades, and The Piper glances up with a shy smile.

'The thing I would like,' he says almost to himself, 'would be to sit up all night learning. You can always be learning something about the pipes.'

How long would it take to play them? He chuckles: he's ready for that question.

'Oh, I've young lads of nine or ten who can play a tune. But it's a life-time job. Just when you're going to die you'd begin to know something.' He laughs at his own joke, unstrapping the bellows. 'Just when you're going to die!'



OLD TIME FIDDLING ALIVE AND WELL IN MAINE

by MARIE KEARNEY

Billed as "The First Downeast Fiddler's Convention and String Band Reunion", with an open invitation for all musicians and lovers of traditional music to come and participate, it was anybody's guess as to what might develop in the seacoast village of Rockport, Maine, recently. Even the time and place were open-ended - in the town park overlooking the harbor if the weather co-operated, if not, in the adjacent Town Hall where musical performances of astounding variety take place all year round (from superb classical concerts to a three-day festival of folk music in the summer, of which the Fiddlers' Convention was a "spin-off".) The time? According to the two local papers, from one P.M. until it was over! This turned out to be about 5 P.M., so the audience really got their money's worth.

Having long deplored the fact that our old-time fiddlers in Maine were dying off with no one to take their place, I went expecting to hear a few of those old-timers who were left and see an audience of the middle-aged or older people who have stubbornly clung to this traditional type music over the years. Not so! The old Town Hall was jam-packed to overflowing (it being a wet, cold day with a brisk wind off the ocean). But those who came were predominately a young, informally dressed - mostly in blue jeans - a wildly enthusiastic crowd. Young couples with their small children most of whom were supplied with paper bag lunches, many teenagers and college age youth, with just a few of us "old folks" (that includes forty or over!). The fiddlers and the audience, mostly young with only a scattering of older musicians. Many were women, one of whom brought down the house. Clad in a sweater and long, tight, cotton skirt, she put her whole self into her fiddling, with body movements to match the rhythm - the only really "sexy" fiddler I have ever seen.



They went by such names as "The Northern Valley Boys", "Silas Welliver", "Fuzzy Fingers String Band", "The Stinky River Valley Boys" (a reflection, no doubt, upon the pollution of one of our Maine rivers), and "Wild Mountain Thyme", which is now one of the most popular of all groups in the State. All kinds of stringed instruments were played, from the traditional fiddles, banjos and guitars, to mandolines, ukeleles or autoharps. Many of the instruments were hand-made by local craftsmen. Some of the participants displayed their versatility by switching from one instrument to another, or bursting into appropriate song on occasion. The apparent coordinator of this diversified, volunteer group, an unassuming, friendly young man, Nick Appollonio of Camden (who plays a mean fiddle himself), came on stage just long enough to introduce the other performers, unless he was needed to fill in or wanted to play for the fun of it.

Act followed act, with the audience joining in at times, singing, clapping, and foot-stomping. Anyone with an ounce of native rhythm in his bones found it impossible to keep still. Musicians, regardless of their skill were invited to participate. They came for fun, not competition. As the festivities began, we were an audience watching the performers. Long before we left the hall we had become just one big, friendly group.



Although advertised as a reunion of fiddlers and string bands, two of the acts were different. One, an old lobsterman from Camden, had brought along his harmonica, and was invited to do "his thing", playing and singing old folk tunes. A young guitarist who attempted to accompany him had difficulty. Before he could even get his guitar tuned, the old fellow was off and playing. He obligingly started over when the boy had finally caught up. The surprise of the afternoon was when the crew of the schooner "Nathaniel Bowditch" showed up with a full-scale, home-made steel band. They explained to us how they had made their instruments from fifty gallon drums as do native Caribbean musicians, and proceeded to entertain in their own inimitable style.



Time lost its importance. The encores were many, the enthusiasm of both audience and performers never waned; no one cared if they stayed there all night. The grand finale was an impromptu performance of "Devil's Dream" with twenty fiddlers in unison playing like demons. Yes indeed, old time fiddling is alive and well in Maine!





BOOM OR BUST

This, and the following article are from The Caller's Gazette, a publication of the Hilton Audio Products of 1033-E Shary Circle, Concord, Calif. 94518

The square dancing activity is right now in the biggest boom it has experienced in more than twenty years. The boom of the early fifties turned into a bust in many areas, chiefly because of lack of competent leadership. If you were calling or dancing then, you remember how many people bought a P.A. set and a few records and set themselves up as callers. They then proceeded to drive people out of the activity because they simply were not qualified to keep their dancers interested. Those "callers" either improved or got out, but---the activity suffered the loss of thousands of disgusted or discouraged dancers.

The quality of our leadership has improved greatly over the years. The callers of today are a much more knowledgeable and dedicated group than ever before in the history of square dancing. We believe that the present boom will continue, if and only two things happen: first, the quality of leadership continues to be upgraded, so that we improve our chances of training and

keeping this wave of new dancers. Second, the movements that we use in square dancing are intelligently selected. The mainstream dancer does not look upon square dancing as his chief hobby; he should not be subjected to all of the experimental movements that are enjoyed only by the hobby dancer who would rather dance than eat.



If we are to keep this boom going, it is critically important that every caller working in or entering the activity have a journeyman's knowledge of his profession, and that he have material available to him which will give his dancers a well-rounded education and continuing enjoyment, without causing them to drop out from boredom or from too much challenge.



INSURANCE?

YES!

If your equipment should be destroyed or stolen, you are not only out of business, but out of pocket. Your loss is not the amount that you paid for the equipment, or its present resale value, but the amount that it will cost to replace it.

A good customer of ours in southern California, Bob Walker, recently bought a new AC-300 outfir, and decided to keep his old HP-95 as a back-up. A fire in their mobile home destroyed all of their furniture and personal belongings, including both sound systems. Bob did have insurance, but discovered to his dismay that

his settlement paid for only a fraction of his total loss. He phoned us shortly thereafter and asked that we pass on the message to other callers in the hope that they would not suffer the same fate. Here is your message, Bob!



If you don't have your equipment insured, get it insured. Don't kid yourself that it is covered by your automobile or homeowners policy - chances are that you won't recover a dime from either policy. If you do have your equipment insured, make sure that it is insured for its replacement value. Otherwise you may find that you will recover only a small portion of your actual loss. Don't wait. Tomorrow may be too late.

Word has just been received that the Texas International Folk Dancers Thanksgiving Camp will again be held at Camp Hoblitzell with Ada & Jas Dziwanowska teaching Polish dances and Johnny Pappas teaching Greek dances.

Oglebay Fall Folk Dance Camp will be held Aug. 29 - to Sept. 1, 1975, with Jerry Joris, folk dances, and Al Schwinabart, squares.

The 10th Annual Fall Weekend at Scott's Oquaga Lake Resort, Deposit, N.Y. sponsored by the Roberson Folk Dancers, October 10 - 12, 1975 with Andor Czompo and Germaine & Louise Hebert, leaders.



THE HARP

THAT ONCE --

by CHRISTOPHER WARREN

HARP, n. Stringed instrument, roughly triangular, played with the fingers.

Thus far any good dictionary will take you. If you go on to look up one of the more specialized dictionaries of musical instruments, you will probably learn that the earliest harps were among the most primitive of all instruments, and that they appear some five thousand years ago. With luck, you may even learn that there was a distinctive Irish type of harp, different from those of other countries, in use from very early times up to the eighteenth century.

Visiting Ireland, you will also be confronted with the harp, on our coins, on beer labels, on flags - all over the place, in fact. For the harp is our national musical instrument, and one of our national symbols. But, if you want to listen to Irish harp music as described with wonder and enthusiasm in earlier times, you will be disappointed. Much of the music played today and sung to harp accompaniment is not really the traditional Irish music of the purists, but polite little adaptations of it for Victorian drawing rooms; lovely in its way, but if you are really interested in genuine traditional and folk music, then, sad to say, you are not likely to hear it played on the harp.



The reasons for this lack in Irish music are several, but the most important was the breakdown of the old order of Gaelic society in the seventeenth century. The old order was very ancient, going back to the iron age or beyond, the sort of tribal, heroic society that Julius Caesar found in Britain. The Romans finished that kind of society in most of Europe, but the Romans never reached Ireland. And so, the old order lasted until it was finally ended by the pressure of Elizabeth's conquest. A traumatic experience for any land, and it is tragic that we in Ireland still suffer from the effects of the trauma. And among the effects of the breakdown, was the end of the old professional harping tradition.



The end did not come overnight. In 1700 there were still quite a few harpers. But they were no longer part of the establishment of the great houses of the old nobility - for those houses had gone, and the harpers had become itinerants, travelling from house to house, and from cottage to castle, wherever a few people still appreciated the old music. But the end did come, inexorably. When the Harp Festival was held in Belfast in 1792 only ten harpers could be gathered from the whole of Ireland. Even of those ten, there was only one who played the old kind of harp in the old way, with long crooked fingernails to pluck the wire strings. That harper was Denis Hempson, who had been born in 1695, and when he died in 1807, at the age of 112 years, the old tradition of Irish harping died with him/



When an attempted revival came, not very long afterwards, it was a new kind of harp that was used. Those new harps were really scaled-down versions of the big concert harp - some even had a mechanical action to change the pitch of the strings, like the pedal action

of the orchestral harp. But the most important difference was that the massive one-piece sound box of the old Irish harp was gone, and also the wire strings. In their place, the new type of harp had a built-up sound box, and gut strings. Obviously, these changes had a very great effect on the tone of the instrument, and there were less obvious effects on the technique of playing as well. Very soon, no one remembered what the old type of harp sounded like, or how it was played, and the harp was no longer heard in traditional music circles, but became an elegant accompaniment for the singing of elegant young ladies in drawing rooms.



Then in 1961, the oldest Irish harp of all was restored in the British Museum, and in the course of the work the harp was playable for a short period. Mary Rowlands was called in to play, and the B.B.C. stood by to make a recording. The harp was tuned, and two pieces played. Then the strings had to be slackened off, before they pulled the seven-hundred-year-old instrument apart. That was the Trinity College Harp (the so-called Brian Boru harp), which you can see near the Book of Kells in the Library of the College. It is also the harp portrayed on our Irish coins. And now that a recording has been made, we could get an idea of what the old Irish type of harp sounded like. But there were many questions still to be answered. What techniques were used to play these old harps? What kind of music was suitable for them?



It was to try and find some of the answers to these questions that the present writer set out, in 1969, to build a replica of the Trinity College Harp. Six months' research ended in a set of working drawings, and another six months passed before a piece of wood for the sound box was obtained. This had to be of Wil-

low (in Ireland we usually call it 'sally', from the Irish 'saileach') because no other wood was used in the old days. To get a large enough piece, a tree was cut down, and there was another six months of waiting until the wood had dried out enough to make the harp. Eventually, in the summer of 1970, the harp was ready to play, strung with brass wire, and the harper had grown his fingernails too.



The sound of this replica turned out, rather to everyone's surprise, to be very similar to the sound recorded by the B.B.C. in 1961 when the original harp was played. Many friends expected nothing more than a rather elegant ornament to hang on the wall, but instead, the result was a playable harp. Now, almost five years later, answers to some of the questions are beginning to appear. Why did the old harpers always use the left hand to play the melody, and the right hand merely for the accompaniment? Well, it is easier to keep long fingernails on your left hand, and even one broken nail makes playing very difficult when it comes to the intricacies of Irish music. What kind of music suits the old type of harp? In general most Irish music can be played and many folk tunes sound so well that it seems as if they must have been written for the harp in the first place. Although there is mechanical provision for playing accidentals (notes not on the basic scale to which the harp is tuned), it is not difficult to play them by pressing down on the sound board and thus stretching the strings slightly, raising the pitch accordingly. For what is basically a medieval instrument, this little harp is extraordinarily versatile, and can play a great variety of even quite modern music. The sound is very clear and reminds many people of the sound of bells. Although the harp does not seem to be very loud it can be heard at quite a long distance. With its small size, and very solid construction, it is very portable. In short, the old Irish harp was an instrument of many virtues, and is well worth reviving.

Your chances of hearing the old Irish harp in the course of a visit to Ireland are still pretty remote. But give us a few years, and you never know what might happen. Thirty years ago, the first Breton harp for four hundred years was made, and now there are about seventy harpers in Brittany. Already, some fifty sets of full-size drawings have been distributed to would-be harp builders.

So, give us a few years, and you never know . . .

Outaouais International Folk Dance Camp at Newcomb Lake Quebec, August 18-24, 1975. with the following faculty: Mihai David, Romanian, Don & Gina Gilchrist, French-Canadian, Iskendar Majdalany, Lebanese, Lelia Pritz, Ukrainian and Gerry Kohuch, Ukrainian. In addition to regularly scheduled activities the Outaouais Camp will provide special activities to familiarize campers more intimately with the cultural background of scheduled folk dance classes, such as: feature films and live concert performances by folkloric ensembles, lectures and discussions.

The 1975 "OKTOBERFEST" in Stowe, Vermont, October 10 to 13. With a faculty of: Dick Crum, Balkan; Gretel Dunsing German; Ralph Page, traditional contra dances; Conny and Marianne Taylor, general folk dances. More information: The Taylors, 62 Fottler Ave. Lexington, Mass. 02173.

Buffalo Gap Folk Dance Camp, Labor Day Weekend, August 29 to September 1, 1975 with Bora Ozkok, Turkish dances, Ada & Jas Dziwanowska, Polish dances.





BOOK & RECORD REVIEWS

A CHOICE SELECTION of AMERICAN COUNTRY DANCES of the REVOLUTIONARY ERA, 1775 - 1795. Kate van Winkle and Ralph Sweet, with an introduction by Joy van Cleef and edited by James E. Morrison. Published by the Country Dance and Song Society of America, N.Y. \$3.00

This collection contains 29 dances of the Revolutionary Era and is the best book written about contra dances in the last quarter-century. I hope it sells a million copies. A vast amount of research went into this venture, especially in the finding of the original music to which the dances were first danced. There are some beautiful dances in the book; each one of the 29 are worthy of being included in any bi-centennial celebration planned for your town. Club-style square dancers will be delighted to learn that what they call a "square through", was the original way of doing a "right and left", and I suspect that many traditional type dancers will be surprised that modern square dancers are more traditional than they are as far as this particular figure is concerned!

I wish that the Index had been placed in the front of the book as well as the Glossary, but this is nit-picking and picayunish! The book is "too Englishy" to have a wide appeal among the millions of square dancers in this country. I can overlook this because it was published by the Country Dance & Song Society of America and, I suspect was written especially with the English country dancer in mind. As such it is going to be a big seller among CDS members. It is an excellent book and all serious-minded dancers should purchase a copy at once from their favorite source of supply. Highly recommended.



DANSES FOUR VEILEES CANADIENNES, by Phillippe Bruneau an LP of old-time Canadian square dances recorded by Philo Records, The Barn, North Ferrisburg, Vt.

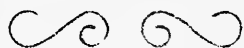
Another beautiful LP from Philo Records. On a par with their other LPs in this series which featured famous French-Canadian fiddlers. Phillippe Bruneau is a master accordionist, make no mistake about it. Each selection is authentic and played with the square dancer in mind. For instance, side 1 consists of 9 different tunes played without a break for slightly over 17-minutes, exactly as I've heard and danced in Montreal dance halls where each set has its own caller calling just for that set. If you like traditional dancing then don't wait, send today for this superb LP. No price was given but I suspect that \$5.00 would be about right. Highly recommended.

PIONEER CHOREOGRAPHY WORK REPRINTED

Burt Franklin & Co., Inc. is the publisher of an unusual book: Grammar of the Art of Dancing, by Friedrich Albert Zorn. The Grammar was written in 1885, and as such is a vital chapter in the history of dance.

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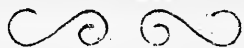
Zorn, aware that dance was a painfully transient art form, felt the lack of and need for "a proper system describing dances, by which they may be perpetuated and handed down to posterity," much as are musical compositions. Fifty years of labor produced his Grammar of the Art of Dancing, which he wrote with the "object and hope of elevating and extending the scientific art of dancing"; he felt his labor rewarded when the Grammar was adopted by the German Academy of the Art of Teaching Dancing as its standard.



Zorn's book of theoretical and practical lessons in the art of dancing and choreography also contains illustrations, appropriate musical examples, choreographic symbols, and special musical scores. He intended the Grammar as much for the professional as for the amateur who did not have a teacher of dancing readily available.



This pioneering work, revised in 1905, also contains an extensive index and glossary of foreign words and phrases, making the volume useful as a reference work as well. 302 pages. Price \$19.50.



CHINESE FOLK DANCES FOR EVERYBODY. by Yang Chang Shong. translated by Cecily Lewis. Taiwan Time Book, Inc. Printed in the Republic of China. \$1.00

Here are 20 dances, many from the mountain areas of Taiwan, complete with music and directions. Yang was at three sessions of Maine Folk Dance Camp, 1975. He is a skilled leader and despite a lack of proficiency in the English language he taught a half-dozen of these dances in a most competent manner. He and his dances were soon the highlights of the camp. Quiet and unassuming he won

everybody's heart. The dances are fairly easy to do as to steps; proper styling is another matter. And the music for many of them is quite delightful

IN MEMORIAM

Herbert gaudreau - 1917 - 1975. Square dance caller for twenty-five years. Also teacher, choreographer, author, botanist, nature lover and artist. Possessed of extraordinary personal charm.

His life was gentle, and his mind
The little splendors seemed to find.

As one who loves a garden he
Walked round the world, its charms to see.

On his devotion you could depend
To one and all he played the friend.

This was his wealth,
That his success, that at the end
Men spurned the passing of a friend.

The square dance world extends condolences to his wife Norma and family.

DIED: April 30, at his home in Holbrook, Mass. Herbie Gaudreau.



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November 7, 8, 8, 1975

WITH

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GEORGE FOGG - English Country Dances

ROGER WHYNOT - Squares

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Year End

Camp

at KEENE, N.H. STATE COLLEGE - - - WITH

YVES MOREAU - Balkan & French-Canadian

CONNOR TAYLOR - International Dances

CHARLEY BALDWIN - New England-type Squares

RALPH PAGE - Traditional New England Contrasts

Again, we will be using the facilities of the Student Union Building of the college. BIG dining area. Dance classes & parties in what was once a full-size basketball court - beautiful wood floor - wonderful acoustics.

Complete information will be ready about October 1st. Write to ADA PAGE, 117 Washington St. Keene, N.H. 03431 at that time for information and costs.

Don't forget the dance in Clark Memorial Building in Winchendon, Mass. Saturday, October 18, 1975. Live music and with George Hodgson, Roger Whynot and Ralph Page calling traditional-type squares and contrasts.

WANTED

Copies of old recipe books, the privately printed ones gathered together by Ladies' Aid Groups, Rebeckahs, or Churches & Granges. AND old dance & festival programs Convention programs. Don't throw them away. Send them to me. I collect them as part of a research projectm ALSO, any old-time dance music for violin or full orchestrations. Dance music only, please. Send to:

Ralph Page
117 Washington St.
Keene, N.H. 03431

The Canadian Folk Dance Record Service carries full lines of "DANCE ISRAEL" LP: also Bert Everett's book - TRADITIONAL CANADIAN DANCES. Write for listings.

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CONTRA DANCE

MY HEART'S DESIRE

Saltator mss. 1807

Couples 1 - 4 - 7 etc. active
Do NOT cross over

Active couples cross over and go down two couples
Come up the center with partner, cross over, cast off
Six hands once around
Same three couples promenade (led by second couple each
three couples, holding inside hands, turn left,
walk down the outside, 8 steps in all, turn left
to come up the center to line up in contra formation)

Top two couples right and left four.

Don't be fooled by the name; this is a nice dance. It's
the only one that I've so far discovered with a promen-
figure in it.

Suggested and acceptable music for it is "On the Road
To Boston", an old Revolutionary Era fife and drum tune
It has been recorded by Folk Dancer MH 1034

Griffith's mss, Otsego, N.Y. 1808 has the same dance,
word for word, but he calls it "My Heart's Delight".
Some love-lorn swain wrote a tune, out words to it and
called it one of the above names. Dancing masters liked
the tune and put contra dance figures to it. Thus the
name. The tune must be kicking around somewhere, lost
in somebody's attic. Until it is found, enjoy the nice
little dance to "On the Road To Boston". It fits beau-
tifully because of the "promenade" no doubt.

SQUARE DANCE

ROD'S DONEGAL

Music: Back to Donegal

Opening, breaks, ending, ad lib but ending with promenade

The head two couples lead to the right

And circle to a line;

The head two ladies chain across,

The sides go any old time.

The head two ladies chain on back,

The sides go home in time;

Then down the line you turn and chain your ladies
one more time.

Straight across go right and left through,
turn as you always do,

Down the line you pass through, swing that right hand
girl.

Promenade this lady, promenade them all,

Take this lovely lady home to dear old Donegal.

Repeat the figure for the side couples, then for heads
and sides again.

Head ladies chain diagonally across the set; side ladies
from the ends of the two lines do the same

The two couples in each line face each other and the 2
ladies do a half chain; each man turning the lady he re-
ceives far enough to reform the original lines of four.
The couples do a right and left through straight across
the set.

The two couples in line again face each other. They
pass through, then each gent swings the lady beside him
who is his new partner.

You will find this dance in Louise Winston's "Square
Dances From a Yankee Caller's Clipboard."

FOLK SONG

THE QUILTING PARTY

In the sky the bright stars glittered,
On the bank the pale moon shone.
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.

I was seeing Nellie home,
I was seeing Nellie home,
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.



This is not a true folk song as purists known them, but it was favorite song at kitchen junkets when we were in our teens, especially at parties where a good "lead ten or" was present and in the mood to sing. And, in the older days we used to have singing parties attended by everybody in town. "Aunt Dinah's Quiltin' Party" was one of the all-time favorites at these gatherings.

A Bit Of

Nostalgia

The following dance items were culled from various sources. We find them of some interest especially so now that a wave of interest in the old dances is sweeping across New England.



History of Western Massachusetts, Vol. 2 p 694

Greenfield Hotel: - - - contained a hall 46 x 52. The hall was on the third floor, occupying the entire west or Federal Street end of the hotel and it has been the scene of many social functions, assemblies of all sorts, and dances to the fiddles of Philo, Temple, Charles Lycns, John Putnam and others. There were cotillion parties and levees - long vanished scenes of former days.

Ditto. p 703. Mansion House - The opening of the hotel, or housewarming, June, 1896, was a brilliant social event in Greenfield. The affair was under the patronage of leading citizens of the town. Upwards of 1000 invitations were sent out and the entire house was thrown open to the public that evening. The merry dancers took possession of the spacious dining room, which has been the scene of so many banquets and social events during its history.

Ditto. p 709 "Historical Society": In one of these scrapbooks I found an interesting article by Daniel Foster describing a series of six cotillion parties which

were held in Smead's Tavern in 1836. Expenses per night for use of hall and side rooms \$3. This was the hall which extended across the entire Federal Street end of the hotel. Music \$2, prompting \$1 and other prices accordingly. "Uncle" Tom Rockward, so-called, "worked" the violin and Liberty Lamb was prompter.



History of Concord, N.H. p 480. One hundred and ten couples attended the stagemen's ball in this town, on Friday evening, January 15th, and had a jovial time of it. The music and entertainment are said to have been excellent.

Ditto. p 535 - In the social gatherings of young people of both sexes, dancing was a favorite amusement. Old Mr. Herbert says: "The young folks always danced, sometimes with a fiddle, and sometimes without, but where there was no fiddler they sung and danced to the tune;" but he adds "we always went home by nine o'clock" On particular occasions, such as ordinations, New Year, and other times, there were evening dancing parties, in which not only the young, but elderly and married people participated. Although the parson, deacons, and other members of the church did not "join in the dance," yet they would "look on," and admit that there was no harm simply in dancing, though the "time might be more profitably spent."



History of Andover, N.H. p 469 Blake's Masonic Hall. Hezekiah Blake erected the first Masonic hall in Andover....On the first of January, after the hall was completed, Mr. Blake gave a New Year's party and ball to his friends in town, and to some guests from adjoining towns. Dr. Jacob Bailey Moore was asked to make some remarks, and at the close of a brief speech he recited the following impromptu lines:-

"We've gathered in Masonic Hall
To welcome and shake hands with all;
To give our friends right hearty cheer,
To hail another happy year.

This hall adorned, red, blue and white,
These hearts are beating with delight,
A hundred brilliant, sparkling eyes,
All tell how much these joys we prize.

Our aged friends have come along
To join the young and happy throng;
See every age and class advance,
Ready to join in merry dance.

So let sweet music stir the air,
And banish every gloomy care,
A time there is to dance and play;
That time should be on New Year's Day."



History of Bristol, N.H. p 100: Diversions were few. Public gatherings were confined almost entirely to religious meetings, which may be one reason why the people were seemingly more religiously inclined than now. ... Later in the season came the paring bees, when the apples were pared, quartered, and strung to dry. After the work was done at these gatherings, a hearty meal was served in the kitchen, usually baked beans, pumpkin pies, and other pastry, tea and coffee. Then came the social hour, sometimes with dancing, but usually devoted entirely to playing games, all games having fines, and all fines being paid with a kiss.

Ditto. p 150 Washington Inn. Extending from the southeast corner was a long two-story building, with an open carriage shed on the ground and a hall in the second story. This hall was reached by stairs from the east end of the piazza. Here the youth gathered for dancing

and singing schools, and here were held justice trials, political meetings, and other gatherings.

Ditto. p 478. 1877, Aug. 16, the reunion of the survivors of the 12th Regiment occurred in Bristol. A permanent organization was effected. There was a parade, a free dinner, a large number of speeches from the band stand in Central square by visitors, and a ball at the town hall in the evening.

Ditto p 491-2 - Old Home Week, 1900 - - a ball game between old-timers and up-to-dates took place in the afternoon. The band gave an open air concert in Central square in the early evening, and a ball at Hotel Bristol closed the day.



History of Boscowen, N.H. p 139041 Raising the Meeting House, 1791. The raising of a meeting-house was a great event, and people came from the surrounding towns to aid in the work - - - in the evening, after the frame of the meeting-house was raised, the young men repaired to the house now owned by Henry L. Dodge, where the girls, who had been lookers-on at the raising, were assembled. The town had provided a generous supply of food and liquors, and all hands after supper joined in a grand dance, which was kept up till past midnight.



History of Webster, N.H. p 314. Isaiah H. Arey, 1822-1870. Mr. Arey possessed a sympathetic nature, and was endowed with fine feelings, which he knew how to express by word and act. He was also an ingenious and skillful mechanic, and for the last fifteen years of his life devoted much time to the manufacture of violins and guitars, of the former, he is known to have made eighty-six, and of the latter thirty-seven. These instruments are now highly prized. For purity of tone

and elegant workmanship, perhaps they are not excelled by any made in this country.

Ole Bull, the eminent Norwegian violinist, recognized Mr. Arey's talents, and assisted him with original drawings and valuable information. From a letter by Ole Bull to Mr. Arey in 1857, the following extract is given: "Allow me to congratulate you on the achievement of your violin - - an instrument that no artist or amateur would hesitate to take to his bosom, and electrify by the breath of his inspiration. I sincerely wish that those further results of my experience, which I have communicated to you, will prove a benefit to yourself and a blessing to those who take your children to their hearts. Your success will always be sincerely felt and appreciated by your friend. Ole Bull."

August 24 - 31. Folk Music Week at Pinewoods. \$125.00, per camper. Reservations and \$40.00 per camper over 6 years. \$10.00 per camper under 6 years to: Country Dance & Song Society, Inc. 55 Christopher St. New York, N.Y. 10014 or by phoning (212) 255-8895

August 16 - 24. Nova Scotia Camp at St. Anne's College, Church Point, Digby, Nova Scotia, Canada. Further information from Gordon Arthur, c/o Black Point Post Office, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada. Reservations and \$20.00 deposit per camper to the same address.



ITS FUN TO HUNT



The following items are taken from the pages of The Cheshire Republican, a weekly newspaper published in N.H. for some eighty years during the 1800s and 1900s until 1912. We find these old-time dance items of some interest.

5/3/84 Swanzev:- The first dance of the season at Charles Marsh's pavilion at Swanzev Pond will be on Tuesday evening, June 3. Foster & Hill's orchestra furnish the music.

6/14/84 City News:- The 2nd Regiment Band orchestra played at the opening of the season Thursday evening at the pavilion, Forest Lake, Winchester.

The grand picnic and tournament to be given by the Deluge Hose Company, at the driving park, on Friday, July 4, will doubtless attract a very large number of people - - - The East Sullivan Brass band will furnish music, a concert on Central Square in the morning, and an orchestra for dancing during the day at the pavilion.

Winchester:- A.M. Burbank dedicated his skating rink and dancing pavilion at Forest Lake, Thursday evening, by a dance. 2nd Regiment Band orchestra furnishing the music, and Drugg provided refreshments at his restaurant.

6/28/84 Winchester:- On account of the storm Wednesday the dance at Forest Lake pavilion was postponed.

7/5/84 City News:- Today, the Fourth, you can go from Keene to North Adams, Mass. and attend the firemen's muster for \$2.27 fare for the round trip - - Or, for a quarter ride down to the Keene Driving Park, and witness the contests for prizes offered by the Deluge Hose Company, for the races, games, etc. If inclined to be social, indulge in a few -old-time cotilluons and country dances and then waltz up to the ice cream and lemon ade stand and brace up for more fun.



8/2/84 City News:- Members of the Masonic fraternity of Winchester, are to give a promenade and concert and dance at Forest Lake, Friday evening, Aug. 8. The Second Regiment band orchestra are to furnish the music, a concert for an hour, followed by dancing during the evening. A general invitation is extended to members of the order to be present with ladies, and all may be assured by the gentlemen having the management of the affair that the occasion will be most enjoyable.

9/20/84 City News:- The annual review of the Keene Fire Department will take place Oct. 15. Several fire companies from abroad are expected, including the J.A. Lord Hose Co. No. 4, of Salem, Mass. the members of which will be guests of the Deluge Hose Company. The latter company will give a grand ball in the evening.



9/27/84 City Notices:- Mrs. J.C. Howard lately of Boston, has been in town making arrangements to open a select juvenile dancing school, also for a class for ladies and gentlemen. The date of opening the school will soon be announced.

City News:- Friday, Oct. 7, is the day that has finally been appointed for the annual inspection of the city fire department. In the evening the Deluge Hose Company will give a grand concert and ball at City Hall.

Winchester:- Taft post No. 19, G.A.R. have a dance at Forest Lake pavilion this Friday evening. The Brattleboro Quadrille band furnishes the music, and Drugg the suppers, a guarantee that both will be first class.

10/4/84 East Westmoreland:- Some 25 or 30 couples participated in the dance at Centennial hall on Friday evening of last week, and a pleasant time was the verdict of all.



10/11/84 City News:- Keene Quadrille Orchestra receive more applications to furnish music than they are able to supply without engaging other musicians.

The annual concert and ball to be given by the Deluge Hose Company, at City hall, next Friday evening, will no doubt attract a large assembly. The concert from 8 till 10 o'clock by the Salem Cadet Band, of Salem, Mass. numbering 25 pieces will include the following program: 1. Overture "Some Day". 2. Cornet solo. 3. Railroad Gallop. 4. Piccolo solo "Skylark". 5. Selection "Orpheus"... The many who attended the concert given by this celebrated band on a similar occasion here last year, remember with what pleasure the selections rendered were received. At the close of the concert the members of the band belonging to the orchestra will furnish music for the ball.



Troy:- Hamilton Engine Company is making preparations for a grand firemen's ball, which is to take place soon after the election.

Hinsdale:- One of the pleasantest of autumn days was selected by the Maplewood park directors for their annual fall meeting on Tuesday, Oct. 7 - - - The park was alive with peddlers, auctioneers, and dealers in all kinds of Yankee notions. It seemed like a muster field of "ye olden times", yet the crowd was a quiet and good

humored one, and although it is estimated that there were 2300 people on the grounds during the day, there was little disturbance and no arrests so far as we have been able to learn - - - Mr. Drugg, the popular restera-
 teur at Forest Lake had a tent at the park and minister-
 ed to the wants of the hungry multitude in a satisfac-
 tory manner, while the vendor of ginger beer, lemonade
 and other harmless but incautiously prepared beverages,
 did a thriving business. It is evident that Massachu-
 setts men are not competent to judge of the wonderful
 capacity of New Hampshire feminine stomachs. An Athol
 party who attempted to supply a vacant place in the sto-
 mach of a lady whom he picked up in a famished condi-
 tion on the grounds, by plentiful doses of oysters, ba-
 ked beans, hash, etc. washed down with copious liba-
 tions of lemonade, abandoned the task in despair after
 an hour's attempt, and went home a sadder if not a wiser
 man. The festivities of the day closed with a grand
 concert and ball at the Town hall in the evening. The
 band gave some excellent selections from 8 to 9, when
 the hall was cleared for dancing, which was participa-
 ted in by fully 100 couples, and lasted till the small
 hours.



10/18/84 City Notices:- Mrs. J.C. Howard announces in a
 nother column the opening of her select class in dan-
 cing at Griffin hall, Wednesday afternoon and evening,
 the 29th inst. Mrs. Howard has been a successful teach-
 er in dancing at Fitchburg, Mass. and vicinity for sev-
 eral years, and at one of her annual balls at Fitchburg
 quite a number of couples from this city were present,
 and reported it the finest dancing assembly of the sea-
 son. At Winter Hill, Somerville, Mass. Mrs. Howard has
 since taught large classes, the closing evening of which
 were very pleasant events for members and their invited
 friends. The recommendations and testimonials which Mrs
 Howard brings are guarantee of her ability to impart th
 orough instruction. Each term will consist of 12 lesson.
 Terms: Children #3.00 each. Gentlemen \$5.00. \$3.00 for
 ladies, or \$7.00 per couple.

IN HOP-PICKING

TIME LARGO, CALIF.

from Cosmopolitan, Vol. XVI Nov. 1893



On a Saturday evening there is often a dance in the kiln when the hops are carefully swept back from the gummy floor into high piles along the walls. Between these perfumed banks a hundred or so brown harvesters dance with ardor until midnight. The girls don clean frocks and wear nosegays of hops, and many of the youths add white collars to their workday attire. Near the center of the ample floor, two Mexican fiddlers occupy chairs set near the cover of the press. The place is lighted by lamps in brackets fastened to the walls, and lanterns are suspended from the middle-car track overhead, which spans the room like a narrow bridge. The dances are mostly old-fashioned ones, and the figures are called by an imperative young man who yells excitedly and wildly gesticulates with both hands. His "dos-a-dos" and "allemande left" are hurled, like projectiles, at the dancers, while the fiddlers twang with a will, and roughshod feet caper with a zest of enjoyment inspiring to witness.

Now and then the flying skirts whisk a handful of feathery hops across the floor, or the jar of the merry making starts a tiny rivulet of balls down the muffled heaps. Once the head-dryer, lantern in hand, crosses the track overhead, to stir the hops. He is cheered from below and answers by a smile and wave of his hand ere he disappears through the small door of the drying room.

<<->>

One could hardly believe they had toiled in the fields since daylight, their feet were so light and springy. At exactly five minutes to twelve, the violins ceased abruptly, as though every string had snapped at once. There was a hurried scrambling and tumbling to the stairs and down them, and a minute later the cooling-room was cleared of the revellers as if by magic. Several pairs of hands promptly hustled out the benches and chairs and extinguished the lamps, when behold everything in readiness for the regular midnight "dumping of the hops!"

Out in the crisp air, the night was aglow with moon and stars. Footsteps and voices died away, the shadowy curtains of the trees closed about the weary pickers and God's seal of silence was set upon the world.

from "MONTHLY OBITUARY" April, 1894

Lady Campbell gave a great ball, at her house, in Wimpole-street. No pains or expense was spared to render the entertainment worthy of the numerous and distinguished persons who were invited and attended. The dancing commenced at an early hour. An elegant supper followed. Harmony and pleasure prevailed, until an event happened in the ball-room, which banished all happiness and comfort from the scene in a moment; this was no less than the sudden death of one of the dancers, Mr. Calvert, who actually dropped down dead, having burst a blood vessel in going down a reel. This melancholy event broke up the assembly and the party departed in tears. Mr. Calvert, who was only 23 years of age, and was much respected in a very extensive circle of friends was the son of Thomas Calvert, Esq. of North Audley-street.

MARRIED: Saturday, May 31, 1975. Sylvia-Jane Foulkred
and Dale Stephen Thomas.

BORN: April 20 to Jonathan & Pam Bosworth a son, David.
June 24 to John & Paula Pappas a daughter Kaliopi

THANKS TO:

Rich Castner, music for "The Young Widow".
Bob Fiore, 2 tapes of interview
Harriette Lapp back issues of Northern Junket
Henry Lash piano score for "Robin Hood Lancers
Lila Boyd piano score for "Merry Widow Waltzes
Nelda Drury Mexican white rum
Dan & Ellie Foley Johnny Walker whiskey
Mae Fraley old-time dances

IF YOU CAN SURVIVE THIS, YOU'RE GOOD!

I married a widow who had a grown daughter. My father visited our house very often, and fell in love with my stepdaughter and married her. So, my father became my son-in-law and my stepdaughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. Some time afterwards my wife had a son; he is my father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he is the brother of my stepmother. My father's wife, namely my stepmother, had also a son; he is, of course, my brother, and in the meantime my grandchild, for he is the son of my daughter. My wife is my grandmother because she is my mother's mother. I am my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time, and as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I am my own grandfather!

She changed his habits all she could

And often kept him harried.

She now complains because, alas,

He's not the man she married.



OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE COOKERY

by MARY ELLEN CLANCY

As my father's ancestors landed on "the stern and rock-bound coast" of New Hampshire prior to 1687, and my mother's people were in the first Scotch-Irish contingent to arrive in this country from Londonderry, Ireland, about 1719, I have an accululation of old-time recipes handed down for six generations on both sides of my family.

We have all heard and sung the rhyme and played the game of

"Bean porridge hot,
Bean porridge cold,
Bean porridge in the pot
Nine days old."

so I give you

GRANDMARM PAGE'S BEAN PORRIDGE

3 lbs. corned beef	1 qt. hulled corn
1 qt. pea beans	2 cups cornmeal
salt	

Cook beef, strain liquor and put in cool place; soak beans over night; have corn hulled (which used to be done with a lye solution). Next day remove fat and heat beef liquor, drain beans, add with corn to the liquor and cook until the skins of the beans will "pop" when blown on. Meanwhile take cornmeal and mosten with cold water until a thin paste, and when beans are done, thicken mixture with meal, and cook slowly about 2 hours. This is to be quite thick and eaten with milk as any porridge. The old-time way was to pour the porridge into a milk-pan, in which was placed a knotted string, and let it freeze; then when the menfolks went out to cut wood, the frozen porridge was hung on the sled-stake, also an iron kettle, and when dinner time came either water or snow was heated, the porridge added, and with brownbread sandwiches (although sandwiches as such were unknown then) made the meal.

My own modern version of bean porridge is made as follows:

BEAN PORRIDGE UP-TO-DATE

1 cup dried beans soaked over night; 1 can condensed consomme and 1 can of water brought to a boil; add beans; 1 can Golden Bantam whole kernel corn, and 1 cup cornmeal prepared and cooked as in old recipe. Serve with milk as a hearty Sunday night supper.

GRANDMOTHER HOPKINSON'S PORK-IN-BATTER

Cut salt pork in strips about 6 inches long and a inches wide and fry until crisp. Leave the drippings in frying pan. Place pork strips in shallow pan and make a batter of

1 egg	1 cup milk
1 cup flour	1 tsp. baking powder

Grand-

mother used "saleratus" and cream-of-tartar, or saleratus and sour milk. Pour this mixture over the pork and bake until done, about 15 minutes. Meanwhile pour off all but 2 tbs. of drippings from the frying pan & stir into them, 1 tbs. flour, and when smooth, add 1 cup of milk and cook until thick, adding pepper and salt if desired. Cut out each piece of pork-in-batter and serve with the milk gravy. With baked potatoes, a green and a yellow vegetable, it is a grand meal.

GRANDMOTHER LANG'S FRIED PIES

Before telling you about the pies, I must tell you how the filling is made as they are filled with

CIDER APPLESAUCE

This is strictly a New England product, I think, and is made by boiling cider down to a thick, dark consistency, then adding apples "August Sweets" or "Winesaps" preferred, and cooking until sauce is thick. To make the pies, make a doughnut dough of

1 cup sugar	1 tsp. soda
1 egg	2 tbs. shortening
1 cup sour milk	Flour to make dough stiff

Pat out on floured board and cut in squares; in each square put 2 tbs. cider applesauce, and fold to form a triangle or turnover shape. Fry in deep fat until they can be pierced with a knitting needle and come out clean. These may be sugared, if preferred, and they make a mighty tasty dessert.

The Scotch-Irish brought over the first so-called "Irish" or white potatoes, and so I give you

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER MacDUFFIE'S STEWED POTATOES

Using 2 potatoes and $\frac{1}{2}$ onion per person, slice thin into an iron frying pan, adding salt, pepper, and

milk to nearly cover. Put on lid and cook slowly 1 hr. When soft, add plenty of butter, these may be browned if preferred.

GRANDMARM PAGE'S SPIDER CAKE

This is a variation of the old "journey-cake" which was the Puritans' stanby, but which has, through succeeding years been corrupted into "Johnny-cake." Grandmarm Page made hers of 1 part white flour to $\frac{1}{2}$ part cornmeal, 1 tsp. soda to 1 cup sour or buttermilk, 1 beaten egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening (she used pork drippings). This could be baked, but she made hers by pouring into a frying pan, and when browned on one side, turned and browned the other. Cut into pie-shaped wedges to serve. Soda or baking powder biscuits can be made the same way, by patting thin, and when done, split, buttered and served with new maple syrup make a good dessert.

GRANDMA MacDUFFEE'S BOILED DINNER

This was something "to write home about." In "ye olden times" any cut of beef soaked in brine twenty four hours was all right, but fancy brisket is the best at the present time. Cook about 2 hrs. then add turnip $\frac{1}{2}$ hr. later add scraped carrots and cabbage cut into 1/8's. Meanwhile cook a bunch of beets in a separate kettle, and $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before the other vegetables are tender add $1\frac{1}{2}$ potato per person. When done, serve meat surrounded by the vegetables. When you get up from eating a New England boiled dinner and find there is anything left but the tablecloth, make

RED FLANNEL HASH

Grind or chop all the vegetables excepting the cabbage; take fat from the liquor in which the beef was boiled, and fry the hash until brown. Serve it with the cold sliced meat and the cabbage dressed with salt, pepper, and vinegar. The modern way is to heat the hash in

a double boiler, adding a generous piece of butter, and having reserved some of the raw cabbage, make it into cole slaw as an accompaniment to the hash. I much prefer the older way.

Grandmother Lang's baked beans were made in the best "Boston style" and baked in the brick oven 8 or 9 hrs. and served with

GRANDMOTHER LANG'S BROWN BREAD

1 cup each of graham (now called whole wheat) rye and corn meals, and wheat flour; 1 cup sour or butter-milk, with 1 tsp. soda; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses. Steam 3 or 4 hours, uncover and place in oven to dry out. Her favorite Monday morning breakfast was

BROWN BREAD CRUSTS AND "TOAST BUTTER"

The dried top of the brown bread was saved Saturday night, and Monday morning was placed in a saucepan, boiling water poured on and as quickly poured off, while a rich cream sauce was being made to eat over it. She also served leftover Johnnycake in the same way.

GRANDMOTHER HOPKINSON'S PAN DOWDY

This is the old-fashioned idea of an upside-down-cake, although not a cake. $1\frac{1}{2}$ apples per person peeled, cored and quartered and placed in baking dish; add 1 cup old-fashioned brown sugar, molasses or maple sugar, cinnamon, nutmeg, a very little salt and a great deal of butter. Make a rich pie crust, rolling it out to fit the top of the dish, but being sure to perforate it. Bake in hot oven until slightly brown, then lower heat until apples can be pierced (through the holes in the crust). Serve upside down with plain cream.



DO YOU REMEMBER?

The old hen who stole her nest outside the henhouse and hatched every egg?

When Republican and Democrat kids used to fight at school before election?

The 4th of July speaker who gave you a good dose of patriotism?

The natural swim suits we wore at the deep place in the creek?

When there was a "Red Men's Lodge" in nearly every town?

The brakeman lighting the coal-oil lamps in the coach just before dark?

The amber-colored streak on the gray whiskers of the tobacco chewers loafing in the general store?

The good 25-cent meals served at all restaurants in the town?

When the "hack" met all passenger trains at the depot?

When the "drummer" would buy candy for the kids who happened to be in the store he was visiting?

How tough your feet became after going barefoot all summer?

When it took four horses to get the hearse up the hill to the cemetery when the roads "went out" in the Spring?

When country kids walked to school and carried their dinner buckets?

The neighbor woman who told other neighbor women: "I'll bet Mary Jones is expecting, for she's wearing a 'Mother Hubbard'!"

The farm women who brought their butter and eggs to the grocery store and traded it out?

Do you remember? Really it wasn't so long ago!

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Sign on entering Dammit, Ohio: "Dammit, slow down".

Sign on church bulletin board: "Redemption center - no stamps needed."

Sign in a loan company office: "We serve the man who has everything but hasn't paid for it."

Sign in doctor's waiting room: "Please have your symptoms ready."

Sign in Russian humor magazine: "Wanted, typist to copy secret document. Must be unable to read."

Sign on a factory bulletin board: "To err is human, to forgive is not company policy."

Sign in a munitions plant: "If you insist on smoking be prepared to leave through a hole in the ceiling."

Sign at a hair stylist: "Dye now, Gray later."

Sign on a church bulletin board: "Try our Sunday special - soul food."

Sign at a dice table: "Shake well before losing."

My disposition takes no prize,
I'm really not stand-offy.
So speak to me only with thine eyes,
Until I've had my coffee.

Be careful of the words you say,
Be sure they're soft and sweet;
You never know from day to day
Which ones you'll have to eat.

FADED PHRASES

Well, I swn! Here's your hat, what's your hurry? Skeddaddle out of here, kiddo. Somebody wins, somebody loses. I wouldn't know him from Adam. He's wacky. It's as corny as Kansas. Oh, fiddle faddle. He's a killer-diller! Hold the fort for a minute. It's nothing to sneeze at. Heaven help the working girl.

You better handle him with kid gloves. He bottles up his feelings. You've got plenty of crust. He's all tucked out. That's another country heard from. Let's mosey out of here. He drinks like he has a hollow leg.

NEW HAMPSHIRE SAYINGS

Better late than never. Finders keepers - losers weepers. A watched pot never boils. Dod eat dog. A watched pot never boils. Look before you leap. Go whole hog.

Marry in haste, repent at leisure. Opportunity knocks but once. Everything comes to him who waits. Still waters run deep. All's fair in love and war. All's well that ends well. Pride goeth before a fall.

There are always two ways to do something - the right way and the way that most of us do it.

Home is where you can say whatever you please because nobody is listening anyway.

Being pleasant, tactful, and helpful is all very well, but it's going to make a lot of folks wonder what you're trying to hide.

You won't make your dreams come true by oversleeping.

A taxpayer is one who doesn't have to pass a civil service examination to work for the government.

WIFE SAVERS

Clean diamond rings by letting them soak for a few minutes in ammonia and water.

For a savory hamburger, brush patties before and during broiling with a mixture of $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of Tabasco sauce and 3 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce.

If you find your chicken soup a bit bland, add a few drops of sherry.

Cover a large roast beef with aluminum foil before roasting, and it will be evenly cooked, with the juices kept in.

Remove greasy finger smudges from woodwork by using an excellent cleaner made of a quart of warm water, a tablespoon of washing soda and a pinch of detergent.

Vanilla ice cream, beaten with a bit of cognac, is a delicious sauce for a fresh vegetable soup or salad.

To bring back the sparkle of badly soiled windows, add a tablespoon of dishwashing detergent to a gallon of hot water.

For a different and delightful taste in sweet potatoes bake them with apricot juice.

Adding drops of lemon-juice to beef stew brings out the full flavor of the meat.

When cucumbers are part of a salad recipe, get a better taste by chilling them before slicing.

Penny candy is still around

You can find it any time.

It's in the corner vending machine,

But now it costs a dime.

The reason older folks enjoy living in the past is because it's longer than their future.

Any man who can keep his wife in the dark probably can't find the time bar.

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Brigham Young University presents FIRST INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL. September 4. 5. 6, Marriott Center, BYU. Performances at 8:00 p.m. nightly. Three different evenings of sparkling entertainment! 200 dancers direct from Israel, Poland, Japan, Polynesia and the famed BYU International Folk Dancers. Information from Marriott Center, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, 84602

If you are interested in Folklore, etc. then you ought to write to: Legacy Books, Box 494, Hatboro, Pa. 19040 and asking for their catalog #105. It's full of wonderful books on the subject.

The Chicago Marriott will again be the site for the 1976 Convention of Callerlab, April 12 to 14.

Fred Richardson
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